

Spirit of the Age.



RALEIGH, N. C.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1850

Subscribers receiving their papers addressed with red ink or pencil, are hereby informed of the expiration of their subscription year. We shall continue to send the paper to all our present subscribers, unless a discontinuance is ordered. Those not desiring it another year will return the paper, and those retaining it will place forward the subscription money immediately.

ENLARGED SHEET—ITS APPEARANCE.

By dint of extra exertions, we are enabled to present the AGE to our readers to-day, in a new dress and an enlarged form; though not with the improved appearance we had hoped, owing to the non-arrival of some of the most essential materials for this purpose. Notwithstanding this annoying hindrance, however, we flatter ourselves that the paper is quite improved; and with our increased facilities for spreading a greater amount of reading before our patrons, we hope to meet with an equivalent increase of subscribers. As it has been demonstrated, that no good cause can prosper without the aid of the press, so has it also been clearly proven, that the press cannot prosper without the aid of its patrons; for the success of one is dependent upon that of the other.

As we are repairing and renewing our weapons to meet the enemy at close quarters, we expect to be ably sustained by all who call themselves friends of temperance and good morals. We intend to go into the work heart and soul; and as we offer our paper for little more than the article costs us, and intend to try and make it one of the best papers in the State; we expect a liberal support from all. It is our design to make the AGE an acceptable Family Newspaper—containing matter calculated to please the occupant of the parlor and the nursery, the matron and the maiden, the farmer and the mechanic, the patriot and philanthropist—in a word, to endeavor to suit the taste and wishes of all respectable readers, and on terms so low that there will be no excuse for any one reading North for a family newspaper.

We hope our friends will appreciate our efforts by increasing our circulation. If each present subscriber would get but one more, (all can do this) we should consider ourselves under lasting obligations, and be prepared to drive ahead with increased energy.

We have no apologies to make for the past, or large promises for the future. All we ask is a candid, impartial trial; and if we fail to meet the reasonable expectations of the public, we do not expect to receive their patronage; believing that in order to make a journal truly successful, its merits must commend it to the patronage of the people.

Our paper does not present as neat and clear an appearance to-day, as we are determined it shall in future numbers, from the fact that there are many imperfections which we could not take time this week to remedy. Our paper is also of an inferior quality, notwithstanding, in order to ensure a good article, we sent North for it. We crave the indulgence of our readers, assuring them that this number is not our best.

MORAL AND SOCIAL ELEVATION.

The age in which we live—the present American age—is characterized by great and mighty efforts for the moral and social elevation of mankind. And among the many institutions established for these desirable ends, is the Order of the Sons of Temperance—the ground-work, the chief corner stone being based upon the grand principle of “elevating our characters as men.” The Spartan knew no other stimulus to exertion than the shining glories of war. His every development was martial in its tendency. The brave, unvaliant, the death-unfettered of those who fell at Thermopylae or Leuctra, filled up the glorious incentive to the young ambitious mind. But in this age of the world—at least in this “land of the free and home of the brave”—a mighty spirit is at work for the elevation of the human character—the fostering of that spirit which tends to “Love, Purity and Fidelity.”

The promotion of the general well-being of society by a cultivation of the heart and intellect, is impliedly required by the Institution whose claims to favorable consideration we are the humble advocates, from the nature and structure of its organization. It has not been reared by the gold of the conquered, or on the bones of the battlefield. It rose into being all glorious, the creation of free American minds, enlightened by reason and experience. Its chief aim is to break the heavy manacles which have bound man for centuries a slave to a base and degrading appetite, and place him upon the high pedestal of freedom.

Being the opposite of despotism, it does not chain down the powers of mind, or consume their existence by the burning lava of the still. Nor does it, like Sparta, unchain the mind, only to stimulate its martial character; for the rainbow of peace is the circling arch of this beautiful fabric. Founded in morals and intellect, it appeals to their cultivation as the means for its prosperity and perpetuity. The Order of the Sons of Temperance says to the mind as well as the body, be free!—free to expand in full bloom and vigor—free to be noble, generous and humane—free to rise and soar with the strength and majesty of the eagle, untrammelled by the enervating folds of the demon of the wine cup—free to act and think for itself, as the noblest specimen of God's handiwork. And it attaches a meaning to freedom. That mind is not free which reflects but the views and opinions of others—which is the slave of an imperious passion or appetite. But that mind is free, which can rejoice over the rescue and prosperity of his fellow—that mind is free, which does not allow the still current of the soul's affections to be chilled by impure passion or feeling, but increases its onward flow in warmth

and generous regard towards the fallen and the unfortunate.

Consistency, then, with the objects of our Order, requires that its great pervading desire should be the elevation of the human character, by universal moral and mental cultivation. Such a desire is opposed to a system of selfishness—it is the protecting angel of philanthropy and patriotism. It combines the excellences of intellect and pure ambition. It lifts the mind from low and grovelling objects, to the cultivation of those which are purer and higher, delighting in the good, the exalted. Let us then, as Sons of Temperance, be actuated in all our movements by this grand desire; then indeed can it be said of our Order, that in it is combined whatever is noble in morals, whatever is sublime and unassailable in truth.

Governed by the pious teachings of our principles, we have no cause to fear the opposition we may meet. As the pure streams of “Temperance, Benevolence and Brotherly Love” flow on, they may be met by counter currents, emanating from prejudice, evil and ignorance; but by the introduction of our pure principles, peace, active and beauteous, will calm the angry waters, and the streams which oppose us will unite in swelling the anthem of our praise. Moreover, at the approach of truth and light, ignorance and prejudice, though sitting upon their thrones for centuries, shall find them begin to crumble, and their reign over mankind will depart forever. Habit, too, which has held such despotic sway over society, shall find its power vanish—its altars prostrate. In their place, whatever is glorious, noble and sublime, will reign supreme; and instead of that lawless spirit of passion and appetite, which tramples upon and bids defiance to all law and good order—which marches through society with the terror and fatality of a thousand plagues—a spirit of high-mindedness will arise, full of nobleness and power, to guarantee the force of law, to strengthen the social ties, and, like the Star of the East, which welcomed the coming of the Saviour, ensure to the world unbounded happiness and prosperity.

ASPIRATION FOR POLITICAL FAME.

No one who looks abroad upon the present aspect of society, but must deprecate the prevalence of this monomania. It is the controlling stimulus of young men, educated and uneducated. It has its origin, we admit, in our nature, for man is fond of distinction, fond of wielding the sceptre of power. Our institutions, also, in their high and impartial wisdom, have said that all men possess equal rights; and upon this declaration rest the pillars which support our glorious national temple. But the per cent age has perverted its original intent, and made it the all-stimulating cause of a thirst for political elevation. What is its nature? It does not develop the various mental powers. It does not strengthen the affections—it does not teach the nature of that great union which holds society together. Being common to the many, and attainable but by the few, it creates an ungenerous rivalry among its votaries. All in fancy gaze upon the shining halo of greatness which encircle the rulers, and each resolves to gratify his selfish aims, though at the expense of the common weal.

What is the effect produced by such a state of things? All the faculties of mind are applied and made subservient to one end—individual elevation. To use the language of a beautiful anonymous writer on another subject, though equally applicable to this—a fund for excitement is created, and the mind is ever longing and panting for this excitement. Parties start up, and society is engrossed and agitated by party dissensions—dissensions which awaken and cherish old prejudices and sectional feelings, to the smothering of those which are purer and nobler; dissensions which combine bad ambition and immature intellect; dissensions which elicit cunning and chicanery, instead of throwing out the brilliant thought or touching the chord of high affection; dissensions, in which that calm serenity which chastens the powers, passions and emotions which unfold the higher graces and charities of our nature, is unknown; dissensions, in which patriotism, which is a love as universal as it is noble and inspiring, is forgotten; dissensions which terminate in the elevation of some ambitious leader to the high throne of power; attained, not unfrequently, through such appliances as slander, bribery and the whiskey bottle. Is society the better after witnessing and engaging in such scenes?

We would not be understood as inveighing against politics and political parties; they are part and parcel with our National and State Institutions. Politics, from the nature of the social organization, enter into and necessarily become an inherent characteristic of society. There must be a government of laws, and it is necessary that the people understand the nature and effect of legislation;—but we would not have the heated political arena considered as the only one worthy of entering. We would have self, sometimes, give way for the common good. We would point to the rich fields of philanthropy and literature as worthy some of our powers.

CONGRESS.

What this body intends to do, or when it will adjourn, are the great questions of inquiry. If they intend to do any thing to quiet the agitated state of the public mind, let it be done at once; if simple and even-handed justice is to be administered to the South, why not mete it out without further delay? We have been dallied with long enough; insult to injury has long enough been heaped upon her—let us know the issue at once, that we may prepare for the worst. If reckless and fanatical politicians design the overthrow of our glorious Union, let them say so, that the people may take the matter in hand and administer a merited rebuke to their mad-cap schemes. Do something—we are tired of delay.

The Senate, it is true, have made some steps in the way of business, and though not all entirely to our liking, we prefer it to restless inactivity. But the House is still engaged in jaw, jaw, jaw, and nothing else. We are gratified to state, however, that the Senate has ordered the Fugitive Slave bill to a third reading, which is said to be tantamount to its final passage by that body. This looks something like doing justice to the South, and we trust the other branch will immediately follow this noble lead.

The North Carolina Methodist Conference will meet at Warrenton on the 13th of November.

SEQUENCE OF ALCOHOL ON INTELLIGENCE.

It is a melancholy fact frequently adverted to by those who are observant of human affairs, that the lofty intellect and the giant mind, are more frequently prostrated by the damning effects of alcoholic stimulants, than by all other causes combined. No one is so highly endowed by nature with rare gifts of the head and heart, that he is entirely shielded from its insinuating advances. It is unfortunately the case, that those who are distinguished for their natural endowments, feel themselves secure from the ravages of this fell destroyer; scorn the idea that they will ever subject themselves to the degradation consequent upon the excessive use of spirituous liquors, and feel their dignity offended, and themselves insulted, should any one presume to hint to them, their danger. By an inflexible law of our nature, they soon find themselves falling into a habit from the tyranny of which they cannot escape; which will grind them mercilessly to the earth, and bring out to them the bitterest days of disappointment, suffering and disgrace. They, at first, see the wine-bowl sparkling with generous warmth, and wreathed only with the fairest, and most lovely flowers, but alas! they see not that underneath that glittering bubble, all is deceptive; all is illusory; or that garland conceals beneath its bright branches a poisonous aconite, that will sting them to the death. Rejoicing in the excitement and the inspiration it gives, they fill the flowing bowl, and deem that they quaff that nectar which will give them an immortality of pleasure; but a disappointment as bitter as death, awaits them, when they find that they have reached forth to the boon of immortality, and have grasped only an empty shadow. They deem that the fetters which are thrown over them, are wreaths of roses, but they soon find that they are bound with fetters of brass. They are thus led on from a slight indulgence, in what, to them, at first, was not of much pleasure, to a habit as inflexible as fate, and as stern as death. A writer on the mind, beautifully and forcibly remarks on the subject of the irresistible force of habits: “The bibber of wine, and the drinker of ardent spirits, readily acknowledges that the sensation was at first, only moderately pleasing and perhaps in the very lightest degree. Every time they carried the intoxicating poison to their lips, the sensation grew more pleasing, and the desire for it waxed stronger. Perhaps they were not aware that this process was going on in virtue of a great law of humanity; but they do not pretend to deny the fact. They might, indeed, have suspected at an early period that chains were gathering around them, whatever might be the cause; but what objection had they to be bound with links of flowers; delightful while they lasted, and easily broken when necessary? But here was the mistake. Link was added to link, chain was woven with chain, till he who boasted of his strength, was at last made sensible of his weakness, and found himself a prisoner, a captive, a deformed, altered, and degraded slave.”

IMPURE LITERATURE.

Nothing will so soon degrade an individual, as a community, or a nation, as impure literature; and yet one of the greatest curses ever visited upon us as a people, is trashy and licentious reading, whether describing scenes of vice, or giving a true portrait of these dens of iniquity with which our sin-disordered world is cursed. Against impurities of all kinds, virtue is at war, for vice and virtue are antagonistic principles, and can never coalesce. And whether vice comes in the seductive garb of harmless fiction, or in the unmasked hideousness of licentious infidelity—it is ever the same opponent of virtue. To guard against the influence of evil—the bane of society—evil in all its forms, should be the aim of every true man. Anything that has a tendency to lessen the restraints of virtue—to cause the blush of shame to redden the cheek of innocence—to make the pure heart familiar with the scenes of crime and iniquity—to arouse the baser passions of our nature—to undermine the foundation of God-ordained institutions, should meet with the settled and firm opposition of all men. What else does the impure and licentious novel so professedly scattered over our land, accomplish? Scenes portrayed by novelists whose lives are but a comment on their unholy works, accomplish nothing but evil. They awake passions, that else had lain dormant—they dissipate the mind that is unfitted for the active transactions of life—they sap the foundations of virtue—they false coloring to vice, they destroy the line of demarcation between virtue and vice, and render ideas of morality vague and indistinct, if they do not totally obliterate them—they create their devotees to live in an ideal world created by the pen of the novelist, and forget the duties that society has upon them. Do you doubt it? Look at those who have imbibed their notions of morality—the slightness of the marriage tie—of fidelity—of hatred to religion and virtue, from the poisonous pages of DeKock or Sue. Study the character and actions of those who have with delight over the licentious beauty that gleams and sparkles in almost every page of Bulwer and Don Juan. Look well at these examples, and ask yourself if much of the crime—the infidelity of man to his fellow man and to his God—and the low tone of morals, beowing to the prevalence of these works—this impure literature. It is too true. “Can a man such pitch, and not be defiled? Can he too coo into his bosom and not be burned?” Although we may fancy that we can partake of the forbidden fruit and not feel its effects, it is all fancy, and the words of the poet are too true:

“Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That, to be hated, needs but to be seen,
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

Brother Joseph Wadsworth, passed away, aged 80, and informed us of the Division of the Sons of Temperance, the title of Pacific Division, the following are the Officers: D. A. Smith, Jr., R. S. D. M. Springs, W. A.; J. D. Smith, Jr., R. S. Francis M. Paul, C.; J. C. Beeman, A. C.; David M. Woolen, I. S.; Simeon Canble, O. S.

We are also informed, by a brother from Rowan, that D. G. W. P. Worth, of Gold Hill, organized another new Division in Stanly county, this week.

On Saturday last, Bro. M. T. Whitaker, D. G. W. P. of Stanly Division, organized “Onward Division, No. 176,” at Hill's Bridge, Halifax, and installed the following officers: Wm. H. Bass, W. P.; Joshua A. Swift, W. A.; Wm. T. Williams, R. S.; W. H. Jones, F. S.; Dr. L. W. Bachelor, T. Dr. D. B. Hilliard, C. T. G. Arrington, I. S.; W. G. Crawley, O. S.

ADVERTISING.

Our sheet being now enlarged to sufficient dimensions to admit of them, we solicit a share of public patronage in the way of advertising. The circulation of the AGE is not excelled by more than two or three papers in the State—and that circulation is not confined to any particular location—it is general, there being scarcely a County in North Carolina where it is not regularly sent. The AGE, therefore, is a valuable advertising medium, not only to the people of Raleigh, but to the State at large, and those who understand their own interests will not hesitate to avail themselves of its columns through which to spread their business before the public. Give us a trial.

THE LUST FOR WEALTH.

“The passion for wealth is more generally diffused,” and much less disesteemed, than that of sensuality. For avarice is as Lord Byron ironically styles it, a “respectable gentlemanly vice,” while sensuality is always loathsome, except to those immediately engaged in its boot-lesshes. Consequently the lust for gold has prevailed, unchecked in all ages, but more especially in those preceding the epoch of the Christian revelation. “So writes an exchange before us, and while we do not pretend to question the truth of his remarks, concerning the darker, yet we regret to add that the world, in the present day of literary refinement and moral advancement, is not a whit behind the darker ages in its lust for gold. The most casual observer has only to glance at the state of things to feel sensibly this truth. The quick step and active air of those filling the crowded commercial mart—how all-absorbed is each in himself, as if he were the only being in society: his mind is intently bent on making dollars; and he is but one among the thousands. Go into the extensive manufactory, and while with delighted mind you admire the beauties and power of invention, reflect to what end these fruits of inventive genius are applied. Go upon the hilltop, and looking down upon the verdant meadow, the rich fields of grain, the orchard and vine-clad slopes, all in luxuriant growth, ask yourself why so much industry in bringing forth the products of the soil? Go to the wharves of your sea ports: gaze far away upon “the overland route,” and see the thousands embarking and taking up the long line of travel for the golden El Dorado—forsaking wife, children, parents, friends, home; all that is dear to the human heart, and ask yourself why this unnatural train? There is but one answer to all—the love of gain—the lust for gold! Not are the manifestations of this desire seen only in the outward world; it is the deity of the freemason's circle. It moulds the earliest thought and directs its action. Around it bow in low submission all the better feelings of our nature. For it, all which belongs to the man, mentally and physically, is offered a willing sacrifice.

Now, it may be asked, are the fruits of this desire the elevation of society, that full development of the mind's faculties, the beautiful, the useful, the noble? Being the controlling power which influences every thought and feeling, it becomes the sole arbiter of every action. Self-employment, being its highest aim, it shapes every exertion to this end. It requires activity, unremitting activity—but it is not an activity for the promotion of general good. It requires sleepless attention, even such as belonged to the virgins who tended the sacred fires of Vesta's temple; but it is a watching which takes care of self. In fine, it concentrates the whole soul, its entire thoughts and feelings on a single point, and that point is SELF!

Now, where in this system is that cultivation of mind, which lifts society from the depths of barbarism, to the mountain heights of power and civilization? Where those brilliances and glories of intellect, which die not with nations, but live in the admiration of all coming time?—Where that eloquence of the heart which flows from the deep well of the affections? That eloquence which silent, unobserved, connects men together by chains of sympathetic love and benevolence? Or where in this system is that love of country, that lofty patriotism, which is the foundation of national character? What is patriotism? It is a love of country; a love the very antithesis of self; a love, which like the christian's love, beautifies and elevates society. Can it exist in this money-getting age?—Who can doubt that this is an age of degenerate patriotism—an age of apostasy from that kind of patriotism which holds a nation up—which forgets, lets her fall into the common parlance of departed empires?

This inordinate lust for wealth is to be deprecated, because it blunts the best sensibilities of the heart—dries up the fountains of human kindness, and destroys the healthy, invigorating actions of the mind. What would it avail us though we should roof our houses with diamonds, and line our halls with gold, if there was not within the circle a virtuous feeling and pure thought? Does this money loving industry purify and ennoble the soul—or does it lift the mind to the ineffable glory and majesty of the Eternal King of worlds?

There is much more we might say upon this subject, but must for the present forbear. To prevent misapprehension, however, we may remark that we would not have the present age undervalued of the importance of wealth, but would have it exerted due energy in its acquisition. Wealth in the hands of enlightened philanthropic men, is a powerful mean in the improvement of morals and intellect, and is one of the great levers by which society is raised to its highest elevation. But we would not have it the controlling desire of the mind; we would have it as a subordinate instrument to one grand desire—the amelioration of the condition of man, and the consequent elevation of society. We would have it as one of the satellites which revolve in glorious harmony around the great sun; but we would not have it take the place of the great sun, for then the system would be broken, the music of the spheres hushed.

make the following places he will discuss Temperance and the ben Order, viz:

At Mount Airy, Surry, Tuesday, October 1. Rockford, Surry, Wednesday, October 2. Salisbury, Rowan, on Friday, October 4. Salem, Forsythe, Saturday, October 6. Lexington, Davidson, on Monday, Oct. 7. Greensboro, Guilford, Tuesday, Oct. 8. Wentworth, Rock'm, Wednesday, Oct. 9. Hillsboro, Orange, Friday, October 11. Chapel Hill, do. Saturday, October 12. Pittsboro, Chatham, Monday, October 14. And Raleigh, on Wednesday, October 16.

Let the Divisions and friends of the cause see that this public notice be given of these appointments, and also that Brother White is provided with a conveyance to go from one appointment to another. Let there be a general up-rising of the people to hear this great speaker; for we assure our readers he has few equals in the country. As Brother White will doubtless be engaged by our Grand Division to traverse the State, all sections will have an opportunity of seeing and hearing him during the approaching fall and winter.

APOLOGY FOR INTEMPERANCE.

There is no evil that affects the world, that has fewer apologies for its continuance, than Intemperance. All that is wanting to consign this scourge of humanity to a wakeless oblivion, is that mankind should understand the true relationship they sustain to each other—that they see this hideous monster in all its frightful deformity, stripped of the fascinations which public opinion has thrown around it. There has already, within a few years past been a mighty change in public sentiment upon this matter. Indeed, the voice of the country—the suffrages of society, are proclaiming in thunder tones, its condemnation. The enlightened and better portion of men are not alone branding it with an eternal infamy, but even the drunken inebriate entirely entrapped in its meshes, and bound as a captive in its clanking chains, heap upon it his curses and execrations. If all are thus arrayed against this fell destroyer—if mankind thus rebukes Intemperance, why do they permit this giant of ruin to walk the earth, crushing to death the victims of his triumph, and breathing a pestilential light upon the hopes and prospects of the world? The answer to the question is plain. Nothing is considered by society, intemperance, save beastly drunkenness. That not who staggers to every point of the compass, who is nothing but a mass of disease and ruin, alone receives at their hands the dread name of an intemperate man. Is this not the error that does all the mischief? After having planted, cherished and patronized the first stages of the evil, how can you, with the least degree of propriety and justice, heap odium, upon the full and legitimate development of your own practices? What would you think of that Father, who, having taught his son all the first steps of crime, both by precept and example, if he should, when the son had become an adept in rascality, far outstripping the bounds set by the father, brand him with the deepest damnation? Perhaps the son might have been an honest and upright man, had not improper influences been brought to act upon his course. Thus society by patronizing and fawning upon the evil in its incipient stages, by bestowing the flattering titles of innocence and harmlessness upon its early dawn, rears a monster under its own fostering and instruction, that crushes hundreds and thousands of its brightest ornaments. If the son could blame his father, who had initiated him into the career of crime and wickedness—which had ruined him, then with the same degree of justice and propriety, can that ruined inebriate cast his curses upon society who offered the cup to him in youth, and persuaded him to drink the putrid draught which has undone him. Every use of ardent spirits as a beverage, is a dangerous intemperance. The frozen adder which the husbandman found in the snow, was apparently harmless and innocent, but when he had warmed it into full life and vigor, regardless of past favors, it stung its benefactor to death: so this destroyer at first has but little power and it consequently seems to be harmless and innocent, but at last it binds men as captives at its chariot wheels, never to be unloosed, but when it consigns them to its ally death.

The Goldsboro' Telegraph of Thursday last, says that Major Gwynn arrived there on Monday, to commence the survey of the North Carolina Rail Road, with Mr. Provost, Principal Assistant, and Messrs. Cooper and Robinson, Engineers. They commenced operations on Wednesday, running an experimental or base line from Goldsboro' to Raleigh.

A detachment of Engineers and Assistants left this City on Saturday last, to commence the survey from Raleigh to the West.

The Virginia Reform Election took place on Thursday week. From the returns already in, there can be little doubt of a strong demonstration in favor of an alteration of the Constitution.

A PROPOSITION.—At the next session of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance in this State, the proposition will come up, to appropriate from its funds one hundred dollars towards the erection of the Washington Monument. The constitutional power of the G. D. to appropriate this money has been questioned; it may lead to a useless discussion upon an abstract principle, to the hindrance of the transaction of the legitimate business of the Order, we propose that each Subordinate Division in the State, raise by voluntary subscription, one dollar, and send it up by their Representatives to the G. D., with a request that it act as their agent, in the transmission of the same. In this way, two hundred dollars, instead of one hundred, will be added to the funds being raised for the completion of a monument which will be worthy the Father of his Country, and worthy of that country's patriotic sons. As Sons of Temperance we must add our mite; and we propose this mode as being clear of all objection—and certain of success. What say you to the proposition, brother Gutman?—Communicator.

[If the members desire to do so, of course we have no objection to make. The money has, however already been appropriated, and the Stone is nearly finished. We do not apprehend any difficulty about the matter; but if any is likely to arise, we heartily agree upon this or any other plan which will ensure harmony to the Order.]

MEYER. thought can dim by education shed; can more sweetly charm the mind of fallen man.”

When man was first placed upon the earth, there was nought save one wide-spreading, gloomy wilderness before him. The deep, dark forests had never yet echoed the sound of the woodman's axe, never yet witnessed the smoke of a single cottage rise “towards the cerulean sky—but all was waste, one scene of desolation. The great benefactor of mankind, civilization, was a stranger there; the lamp of learning had not yet dispelled the gloom with a single ray. And what was man? He had fallen! The body was to be food for worms, his bones were to crumble into the dust from whence they came; but his soul was, and is immortal. The angel of death flapped his broad wings o'er the plain, and the once harmless were transformed into multitudes of terrible monsters, to aid in the destruction of rebellious man.

Then slowly, yet ineffably bright, a cheering ray began to streak the oriental sky—slowly, yet steadily arose the light, and the black and bitter clouds of superstition dimmed its bright and heavenly lustre, yet has it pursued its march, “conquering and to conquer.” Many a bosom has been gladdened by the pure light of that unquenchable “ray”—many a heart has been exalted to higher, nobler and majestic deeds, by its cheering and inspiring potency. That lustrous, luminous luminary, was and is, EDUCATION! Oh, most glorious name! Would that its light could be seen by every nation, and its incalculable value be justly appreciated by every tribe.—Would that the wild waves of ignorance and superstition might in vain dash against its walls, and madly rolling back upon themselves, sink deep into the gulf of disappointment.

When her great and learned philosophers had swayed, when the bright lamp of civilization and knowledge was inspiring her people with the holy cause of liberty, then far-famed Greece ascended the bright throne of glory, and nations fell worshipping at her feet. But when the white spray of the foaming sea gathered itself in misty circles, millions of feet above the ashes of her adored Lycourus, and the harp of Homer were hushed, amid the wrecks of time; then, alas, poor Greece fell—fell trembling, tottering, into the gaping gulf of adversity and obscurity. Thus when civilization and learning warm the cold bosom of ignorant man, he rises, prospers and lives in happiness, till that light goes down, from whence he received all his comfort and all his joy—but when he forsakes the paths of knowledge, education and virtue, he falls—falls, like Lucifer, to rise no more!

“Then while we live, let us live; And all our thoughts to knowledge give.”

MISS DIX, THE INDEPENDING PHILANTHROPIST, was invited by some of the ladies at Nashville to sit for her likeness to Mr. Hall an American sculptor, in order that they may see preserved in a “permanent and pleasing form, a countenance expressive at once of feminine delicacy, heroic courage, sensibility and strength, compassion and firmness.” To this note Miss Dix has replied, declining the honor proposed. She closes her modest note with the following paragraphs, replete with noble sentiments, which are well illustrated by her every day life.—After thanking the ladies for this evidence of their esteem, and asking to decline the proposal, she says:

“Permit me, ladies, rather to dwell in your hearts, affectionately remembered as a fellow-laborer in the world's wide harvest field, for though our paths may conduct to different objects, our lives are alike devoted to lesson the woes of suffering humanity, and to soften the trials which are so often the stern discipline by which the soul acquires that heavenly knowledge which causeth not to err.

“To us women, it peculiarly belongs to reveal in its holiest aspects the spirituality of religion, to bring consolation upon the troubled earth, and sanctify and perpetuate by our lives and actions, a remembrance of our existence, causing many to feel that the world is better for our having lived in it.”

POWELL'S PICTURE FOR THE ROTUNDO.

—In the Paris correspondence of the New York Tribune we find the following notice of the progress of Mr. Powell's great painting for the vacant panel in the rotundo of the Capitol. “As it has interested us, we dare say it will interest also many of our readers:

“At Mr. Hawley's the American artist encountered a number of artists—M. Couture, the celebrated painter of the ‘Decadence,’ Mr. White, also a young American artist of great promise. Mr. Powell's great picture, ‘The Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto, in 1512,’ intended for the Capitol at Washington, begins to take its finishing air. By common consent, it is a complete success. Mr. T. G. Brown, of Philadelphia, an eminent connoisseur of painting, who has a remarkable collection by the old masters, calls it ‘a magnificent picture.’ It has secured the praises of Count D'Orsay.—It has about sixty principal figures. On the left, coming out of the forest on the mountain bluff, are armed knights, steel in the rich panoply of the middle ages.

The foremost figure is De Soto.—He encounters a group of Indians—one man supporting an old man offering peace-pipe, the other a proud, lofty, crowding young warrior. On the ground are several beautiful Indian girls, making offerings of fruit and game. In the rear are Indian tents, an Indian mother and her baby running away affrighted; groups of Indians coming up from the river, and to the right are priests in blessing a cross just set up and rough hewn—as the horse—a painter—is a forte of coloring is rich and harmonious—distinct and